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...CELEBRATED...  
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...their mortal con...  
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...remarkable...  
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...the victim is shrieking aloud...  
...glad, while the wild wind is...  
...burning...  
...the foe of the red man is...  
...the song...  
...in the dance...  
...your darkest looks glance...  
...with dread your deeds dis-

...show, his skin scorch...  
...the turquoise torch—...  
...blow—blaze, fire! blaze!...  
...of our sires our vengeance will

...white man shall know...  
...dark be our foe...  
...and Indian warrior, no mercy dis...  
...HESPER...  
...the th...  
...and per...  
...opened it, and per...  
...manner "come in...  
...door." I entered,

...stretched upon the carpet...  
...must hear reading cries...  
...I shall never survive it," ex...  
...unfortunate woman. Napole...  
...are you strong enough to tak...  
...er, and carry her to the private

...her room; in order that she may...  
...care and attention her situat...  
...e obeyed, and raised up the Prin...  
...posed had fallen into a fit...  
...At last by Napoleon, I took her i...  
...and he, taking one of the light

...le, led the way through a passag...  
...rate staircase. On coming...  
...I observed to Napoleon, that...  
...you to allow me to descend it w...  
...in my arms without the dang

...mediately called the guardian of...  
...who was stationed night and d...  
...of the doors of his closet wi...  
...on the landing of the private stair...  
...sleam gave him the light and

...on before him: he then took...  
...the legs, and in this manner a...  
...ing her down. At one moment...  
...of his sword having got in

...SELECTED...  
...Hymn, combining piety, poe...  
...and, praise, was sung on New...  
...on the occasion of dedicating a new

...slem street, Boston, and of instal...  
...Justin Edwards, as Pastor there...  
...from the pen of N. F. WILLIS, one of

...the most of American poets.

...HYMN.  
...fect world by Adam trod,  
...the first temple—built by God;

...had the corner-stone,  
...and its pillars one by one.  
...as no power  
...feeling fall...  
...died recom...

...his starry roof on high—  
...and illimitable sky;  
...and its pavement, green and bright,  
...tain'd it with morning light,

...mountains in their places stood,  
...the sky—and "all was good;"  
...then its first pure praises rang,  
...morning stars together sang."

...his ours to make the sea—  
...earth—and sky, a house for Thee—  
...thy sight our offering stand—  
...bler thou, be "made by hands."

...cannot bid the morning sky,  
...and how bright thy glories are;  
...and if thou wilt meet us here,  
...praise shall be a Christian's tear.

...THE EVENING...  
...OF GENERAL LITERATURE, MORALS, AND THE ARTS.

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s have thus far been crowded. Surely it is time that some road was adopted here. Ought not we to be called to devise the best method of establishing so laudable and

eastern cities. Their plans have thus far been crowded. Surely it is time that some plan was adopted here. Ought not to be called to devise the establishing so laudable and







MR. EDITOR:—

produce of a mother's sleepless night, and trip away to join her playmates. I have seen a "convicted lover" bravely read to his desolate room and farthing candle to his, perhaps, his dismissal, or, perhaps, a letter of condoleance from the husband of his quondam mistress. I have seen—yes I have seen a dimpled beauty ask in vain for letters from —, I marked her putting lip just to the palm-softened sigh and the "pshaw, a pitiful fellow!"—I drew out my pencil in order to write an obituary notice; but as she turned, I perceived a tear glistening in her eye, it spoke of purposed mercy. "Thanks I to myself" I had better compose his *epitaphium*. Next evening on repairing to my stand, I perceived the identical female—"Are there any letters for —?" she asked with as much earnestness, though with less confidence than on the preceding evening—"yes"—her eyes brightened—"twenty-five cents postage"—down went a dollar—up went the letter and away went the girl, much quicker than she came. "Miss your change," but no. Miss was there to receive it. "Strange!" muttered the postmaster, after re-examination of the dollar and finding it genuine. Now I would have freely given my aforesaid mirror, may I would now hypocritate all the furniture in this room of mine for twice its appraised value, if — would only act thus strangely on receiving a letter from me. I don't know how it is, Mr. Editor, but of late I have strangely suspected, that she does not take them out of the office, all post paid as they are—perhaps even at this very moment some of the clerks in the post office department are regaling themselves with these precious—delectable moriscos. If these times should meet her eye, they may perhaps, work a reformation. But I have seen some apply for letters with a fault-finding voice and quivering lip; and I have seen the big tear drop in their eyes, as they silently and sorrowfully turned away from the stand; they approached, but a few moments before, with lively hope. Perhaps anxiety for a father, a mother, a sister, or a brother's safety brought them to the office. Perhaps their fortunes or their happiness have been really perilled on a single cast, and they are now anxiously awaiting the result.

I remember, on one occasion, to have seen a female approaching the office, leading a little child. She soon gained the door and hurried to the pigeon hole. She suddenly paused, and apparently drew back. I approached, thinking she might possibly be *accompanied* by the crowd; but no person was near her. She was that reluctance to natural to all, when about to receive intelligence which may prove highly distressing. She partly turned her head and I saw that she was dreadfully agitated,—but it was only momentary—for, by one of those efforts which are generally supposed to belong exclusively to our sex, she so far conquered her emotion as to ask—there were any letters for Mrs. Percival. There was almost a breathless pause. "A letter for Mrs. Percival." She sprang forward. "For Mrs. Mary Percival?" repeated the cautious postmaster. "Oh, no! let me see! No! it is not mine!" But look again for Mrs. Julia Percival." "Nothing for Mrs. Julia Percival," was the chilling reply. She stood for a moment as motionless as a statue. At length the voice of her somewhat restless child recalled her wandering thoughts; straining it wildly to her breast, exclaimed—"My child! My husband! why, why did you leave us!"—and rushed from the office.

There spoke the fond mother and affectionate wife. Her husband was seeking a fortune in the South. He was sick; and it was from him, or, of him, that she so confidently expected to hear. At length it came. I was present when she received it. She stood gazing at the superscription. It was not her husband's writing!—no—she could have told it even though he had endeavoured to disguise it. But perhaps he was only too sick to write. He may yet be living! She turned to break the seal. It was black!—All her new made hopes were crushed in their budding. I ventured to approach; for, though I had never been introduced to her, yet I felt sure of a friendly reception, if I offered words of encouragement, or even of condolence. Grief like hers, for the time, destroys all the artificial distinctions of society. And there is something so inexpressibly soothing, to the widowed heart, in words of consolation and acts of sympathy, that a stranger need not fear to offer them. "His husband might still be alive!"—I at fatal seal may have been aided by the carelessness or inattention of his servant, or perhaps from necessity." "But no," said Henry would have sent it unsealed rather than have closed it with that hideous emblem." At length, with that desperate resolution which prompts to know the worst, she broke the seal. To read its contents was but the work of a moment. The letter dropped from her hands. Her child had fallen down!—but she heeded not its cries. She betrayed no consciousness of passing events, either by word, look, or motion—but her very attitude attested her irreparable bereavement!

I had raised her child and was endeavouring to soothe it, when with a sigh, which betokened "woe without parallel," she turned to thank me for my attention. I started.

I have seen a mother weeping over the last of her children,—I have seen a man look on, as the earth was rattling on the coffin of the last of his race; and I have marked his countenance, as he turned from the spot, with the bitter conviction that he now stood alone and friendless in the world.—I have been familiar with woe and wretchedness. But never! no, never have I seen a countenance which betokened such perfect desolation! The blight of a mental swoon was there. On every lineament was written—"My husband is dead! my child is fatherless!"

Had it been that boisterous grief so common on such occasions, I could have borne it; but I was altogether unprepared for such deep but silent sorrow. I retired to my corner as she slowly departed—there I remained, musing on the scene, until I was roused by—"all the letters in box No." I awoke roused—the fellow had escaped, or I should have annihilated him on the spot for his sacrilegious interruption. I left the office, gentle reader, much more abruptly than I now leave thee, hoping that the next mail may contain intelligence pleasing to us all. P.

An Irishman who was employed one day last evening at Mour, observed one day very intently watching a red-headed woodpecker while he was tapping a hollow beech tree." On being asked what attracted his attention so marvellously—"oh an speering," said he, "but the strange baste upon yonder tree. For sure enough, the silt'er craft has knocked his face against it till his head is all a

POETS OF GREECE, NO. 3.

And so, *Phaon* and *Pindar* are the only poets whose remains remain for consideration. Of *Phaon* there is not much to be said—two or three fragments are all that we possess of her productions. We can therefore only admire the many declarations of the ancient poets, and with them number this feeling, lovely, and unfortunate woman, with the muses. *Phaon* seems to have been the slave of passion. Her feelings were of the most poignant nature. She breathed into her song "her own deep and burning feelings and, her melting lay could touch the fiercest hearts of human nature, and softened the hearts of all but her Phaon."

We come now to consider him who was the prince of lyric poets, *Pindar*. The favourer of the muse, he early showed the spirit of that fire which was glowing in his bosom. Perhaps to poet-poessed enthusiasm, and a quiet characteristic of the ode, more than *Pindar*. The chief subjects of his song, were the games and festivals of his countrymen. Acquainted with the character and manners of the Greeks, know how much importance the ancients attached to the periodical celebration of the sports and festivities when all Greece was crowded together.

It might be supposed that the singing of the praise of victors, in wrestling, chariot races, were barren subjects for the muse. *Pindar* does not quite confine himself to this. His sublime genius quits the theme with which he set out, and soars aloft. When he designs to be sublime, his images are of the most awful grandeur. Like his own bird of Jove, he cleaves the air with an anuring wing; and with a steady eye, views the sea, undazzled by its beams. A hopeless undertaking to account of any him,—he shoots beyond the range of mortal eyes. With a courageous wing, he wanders from earth to heaven, and from star to star. At one while he shows the mountain wreathed in fire, and terrible by his descriptions of a civil commotion, at another, he carries out the happy notes of the blessed, that glitter like the orient gem; and every gale that sweeps across the calm ocean, bears on its bosom, the harmonious song of their inhabitants. He takes one to the north, and shows primeval forests; makes him hear the "shepherd's pipe and virgin's lay;" and then the magic lyre expels every thought from the breast, lulls the spirit into calm submission, and stops the fiercest war, in his hand career. In the language of Horace,

"Monte decurrit velut a mus, labres  
Quem super, notas aureas ripas,  
Fervat, immensaque ruit profundo  
Piniferae ore."

In the departments of tragic poets, the ancient Greeks, *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, and *Aeschylus*, were the standard. They possessed the key to the human breast; they unlocked it, and exposed its secret workings. *Euripides* is the father of Grecian tragedy. His characters were the real productions of his genius. His faults arose from the infancy of his art. Bold in his conceptions and thoughts, we can easily discover that fearless spirit of the man which he displayed at Marathon, at Salamis, and at Plataea.

It was *Sophocles* who carried Grecian tragedy to perfection. None enjoyed the favour of the ancients more than he. They received the dignity and beauty of his style, and though throughout a long life he enjoyed their admiration.

The muse of *Euripides* excelled in the pathetic and amiable. He portrayed the tender feelings of the human heart with a masterly hand. The recital of the woes and misfortunes of his heroes is moving. The lamentation and mourning of his lovers for lost happiness might well have kept an audience suffused with tears.

The Greek heroic poets, the splendour of *Homer* is so great, that all others are eclipsed. In these descriptions, than he, I can only receive the ideas of others, and every beauty, even charm which *Homer* possesses, has long been held in taste, admiring world, and shown in every advantage of light. For three thousand years, the world has continued to admire his dazzling excellency; and most there not more eminent, intrinsic worth, since not only the people of Greece and Rome, but the refined inhabitants of modern Europe, have held the *Homer* in high esteem, the prince of poets. His faults are numerous, but his beauties far out-number his faults. Like the spots on the sun, they do not mar his splendour, but increase his glory. *Homer* has made out a path for himself, and he had no predecessor, and had to follow the direction of his own great genius. His who accompanies him in his march, will often meet objects which are perhaps disagreeable, and even low,—yet that march offers rewards by objects of grandeur and sublimity, the images of the most refined beauty. To read him through the means of a translation, is like examining a master-piece of a Michael Angelo, or a Raphael through a dark and muddy glass. A rough outline is perceived—but the masterpiece—the extension, cannot be perceived. *Homer* has made out a path for himself, and he had no predecessor, and had to follow the direction of his own great genius. His who accompanies him in his march, will often meet objects which are perhaps disagreeable, and even low,—yet that march offers rewards by objects of grandeur and sublimity, the images of the most refined beauty. To read him through the means of a translation, is like examining a master-piece of a Michael Angelo, or a Raphael through a dark and muddy glass. 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THE proprietors of the Cincinnati  
Foundry have lately made considerable  
improvements in their establishment, and are able  
to furnish on demand, on very short notice,  
TYPE from fourteen line type to Nonpareil  
mostly of NEW CUT, and as great a variety  
of Fancy Job Type, Cuts, &c., as any Foundry  
in the United States, and at the same prices.  
The Eastern Four druses—also, presses, chases,  
rule, actual regist cast to regular dis-  
criminate, type of every description, printing in-  
struction, &c. &c. We will also proc-  
ure on plates to order, from J. How's Foun-  
dry, Philadelphia, and deliver the same at Cin-  
cinnati, free of charge for transportation, com-  
mission, &c.

Printers who deal at this Foundry will in-  
sert this advertisement conspicuously 9 times  
and forward their bills for payment.

O. & H. WELLS.  
Jan. 12, 1823. 54 90

LEE'S  
Original highly approved valuable  
MEDICINES.

LEE'S famous ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, 25  
cents per box, in tin boxes. The operation  
of these pills is perfectly mild, so as to be  
used with safety by persons in every situa-  
tion and of every age.

Dear Sir,—Having made use of the val-  
uable pills in my family offered to the public  
the last twenty five years, and the having  
our celebrated ANTIBILIOUS PILLS the most ef-  
ficacious in cleansing the stomach and bow-  
els, removing head aches, sick stomach, and  
having used them for several years past, cau-  
tioning in stating, that I believe the  
as represented) a most valuable family ac-  
cessory.

JACOB SMALL, Mayor  
of the city of Baltimore.

To Mr. Noah Ridgley.

TWENTY YEARS.

LEE'S ELIXIR, for twenty years, has  
been the most successful medicine for the cure of colds,  
coughs, spitting of blood, asthma, indigestion,  
consumptions, and other complaints of the  
lungs and breast, as many of our citizens have  
testified.

Mr. Noah Ridgley.—Sir, My daughter Sarah  
Goleman has been from her infancy greatly af-  
fected with a distressing cough, which her  
parents were very fearful would terminate  
in an fatal issue. A bottle of your Lee's Elix-  
ir procured, less than half a bottle entire  
removed this threatening cough; she has not  
the least return of it since. (This ex-  
cellent medicine has, in all probability, through  
the blessings of Divine Providence) been the  
saving of her life. Yours with respect,  
JNO. COLEMAN,  
Corner of Dulaney and Caroline sts. Bal-  
timore.

Lee's Worm Lozenges.

A certain and powerful remedy for destroying  
all kinds of worms.

Dear Sir,—Owing just to my son, six years  
of age, was troubled with difficulty of breath-  
ing, restlessness at night, loss of flesh, &c. I  
suspected he had worms, and having procured  
a box of Lee's Worm-destroying Lozenges, the  
first dose expelled twenty-three large worms  
which gave him immediate relief. He now en-  
joys a good state of health, and I believe Lee's  
Lozenges are the most efficacious remedy for  
worms now in use. Yours respectfully,  
TH. PETERS.

To Mr. Noah Ridgley, Baltimore.

Lee's Ague and Fever Drops,  
(warranted to cure.)

Sir: We are now happy to inform you that  
the result (after a correct trial) of your Lee's  
Ague and Fever Drops, has been of the most  
satisfactory kind. Not only a few cases have  
been cured of that very disagreeable and dan-  
gerous complaint, but, sir, every case, so far  
as inquiries have reached, has been perfectly  
cured, and some indeed, by a few doses only.  
We desire to remain, sir, your respectfully,  
O'NEAL, RICHMOND, & CO.,  
Middletown, Md.

To Mr. Noah Ridgley, Baltimore

Lee's Grand Restorative, or Nervous  
Cardiac.

Lowness of spirits, loss of appetite, impuri-  
ties of the blood, hysterical affections, inwa-  
rking, violent pains in the head, back,  
limbs, relaxation, involuntary excre-  
ments, mental weakness, obstinate gleets, flu-  
bush, (or whites,) impotency, barrenness, &c.  
Persons labouring under any of these sym-  
ptoms should have found immediate recourse to  
Lee's very valuable medicine.

Lee's Genuine Essence, and Extract of  
Mustard.

An infallible remedy for bruises, rheumatism,  
sprains, numbness, chilblains, &c.

Extract of a letter from Dr Benjamin Stibbins,  
dated at Willough, Brooke county, Va.

Dear Sir: I have used your Essence of Must-  
ard in my practice, with great success. Your  
remedies I have from frequent experience  
found to be valuable. Yours truly,  
BENJ. STIBBINS.

Mr. Noah Ridgley.—Sir: I have been  
greatly afflicted with rheumatic pains, as I  
entirely the use of my right leg, thigh, and  
foot; indeed it extended to my shoulder. I  
was weary of the bot- I purchased of you, I  
have perfectly cured. THOS. WOOTEN,  
2 miles on the Washington road.

Lee's Sovereign Ointment for the Itch.

Warranted to cure by one application: from  
mercury or any pernicious ingredients.

Lee's Genuine Persian Lotion.

The Persian Lotion operates mildly, renders  
the skin delicately soft and smooth; improv-  
ing the complexion.

Lee's Indian Vegetable Specific.

An effectual cure for the Venereal and Gon-  
orrhea.

Lee's Tooth-Ache Drops.

Which give immediate relief.

Lee's Tooth Powder—Which cleanses and  
whitens the teeth.

Lee's Eye Water—A certain cure for sore eyes.

Lee's Anodyne Elixir—For the cure of head-  
aches.

Lee's Corn Plaster—For removing and de-  
stroying corns.

Lee's Lip Salve.

To country merchants—Noah Ridgley  
maker of Lee's unparalleled Antibilious Pills  
respectfully invites country merchants and  
others, who keep medicines for sale, to call at  
his Dispensary, No. 67, Hanover street, Bal-  
timore, where they can obtain these truly ef-  
ficacious Pills, together with any of the above named  
valuable medicines, on the most liberal ter-  
ms. The above Famous Family Medicines are  
made by HENRY CLARK, Druggist, Cincinnati,  
Agent for the Proprietor.

Who has received a fresh supply of the  
above valuable Medicines, amongst which are  
his highly approved ANTIBILIOUS PILLS  
&c.

Caution—None are genuine, without the  
maker's name to them, Noah Ridgley, lat-  
ticed Lee & Co.

—Hundreds of cases of cures performed by  
the above truly valuable Medicines could be  
given, did the limits of a newspaper admit of  
it.

**RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies** of Cincinnati and its vicinity, that she has commenced a School, on the west side of Sycamore street, three doors above Post street, for the purpose of teaching all kinds of **NEEDLE-WORK** requisite for a lady's understanding.

She will engage to teach ladies to work in **LACE** in two weeks, of all patterns, and without a pattern, equal in every respect to French or English Laces. Also, Run on Bobbinet in the most splendid manner. Fancy work on Muslin, Dress and Collar making. Plain work of every description, which will be taught by the week, month or quarter.

As Miss D. is the only person in this city who has ever taught the true way of making Lace, she hopes the Ladies will call to examine her system.

Terms made known on application at school.

Should not sufficient encouragement be received, the school will be closed in January.

Miss D. having made arrangements to go eastward, will have the **FASHIONS** so every month, which will be advantageous to those ladies who may attend the School.

November 24, 1827. 47

**THE CELEBRATED**  
**TONIC and ANTI-DYSPEPTIC PILLS.**  
*Are prepared and sold by J. CRUMBACK,*  
Druggist, Wheeling, Virginia.

**THIS** happy combination of tonic and cathartic powers so long desired in this situation, and prevailing malady called Dyspepsia, by means of which the digestive power is strengthened, while the stomach and bowels are liberated from their morbid contents, great derangement, happily discovered, while it eraculates, invigorates; and which more successfully combats the disease than either remedy hitherto administered, produces neither sickness nor nausea, and without interference with either the ordinary occupation of the patient. The influence of these pills is not less remarkable on account their *antibilious* than of their *antidyspeptic*. A few boxes will generally be competent to the removal of the most inveterate case of dyspepsia; and one or two courses cleanse the stomach and bowels of those varieties of vitiated bile which have ever been considered such a fruitful source of disease. The pills are entirely free from any of the preparations of mercury, and exactly adapted to the disease for which they are intended, correct acidity of the stomach, remove the costive, sick head-ache, and flatulency, are well adapted to the diseases of women and children.

Directions for their use accompany the pills which enclose them. Price 50 cents per box. For sale by HENRY CLARK, Lower Market street; and GOODWIN, ASHTON & Upper Market space.

November 16. 47

**HIGHLY INTERESTING**  
**TO THE**  
**AFFLICTED.**

**THE** Public are respectfully informed that **ANDERSON'S COLIC-CHOLIC DIARRHOEAL POWDERS** have from extensive use for 8 years past, proved them to be one of the most valuable remedies yet discovered for the cure of Coughs, Colic, other affections of the Breast and Lungs, and Consumptions. Those who have experienced the happy effects of this *Healing Balm*, many of the highest respectability have publicly given certificates, some of which we accompany each bottle, that will satisfy the unprejudiced mind that the most extraordinary and unexpected cures have been performed by the use of this medicine in cases of Lung disease, in which other medicines had produced unfavorable effects, and where the most skillful Physicians had given them up as incurable. It is not pretended that they are an infallible remedy in all cases, but of such as are incurable, are but few but what will be greatly relieved by the use of them. Scarcely a case of Coughs, Pain in the side, difficulty of breathing, sleep arising from debility, or even total consumptions, but may be relieved timely use of this *Healing Balm*. Each Bottle of this medicine contains about 50 doses, which proves them to be a cheap remedy considering their virtues.

**A YOUNG LADY** of Havrhill, Mass., who had been afflicted with an alarming cough nearly a year and had been attended by several Physicians but obtained little or no relief, as the disease was declared of until she made use of Anderson's Cough Drops, the use of which she was greatly relieved her, and by taking Bottles only, her health was restored.

**A RESPECTABLE FARMER** of Red Bank, Dutchess County, New York, had taken a violent cold which fell upon his lungs, was produced by a distressing cough and was such that he was constrained by his Physicians to discontinueable: he was at length advised the use of Anderson's Cough Drops, and by using one or two Bottles, his cough had become less and his appetite and strength recovered, and although there was no prospect of recovery, the use of this *Healing Balm* a few weeks, perfectly restored him to his ordinary state of health and he highly recommends the remedy to the afflicted.

**A GENTLEMAN** of Providence, Rhode Island, rising 60 years of age, had been severely afflicted with the Asthma attended with a cough for more than 20 years, so as to be unable to sleep but with the greatest difficulty, and having tried many physicians, and various kinds of medicine with no relief. He then purchased Anderson's Cough Drops, and after using three Bottles his cough was nearly cured, he slept well and soon recovered so as to be able to attend to his business as usual.

**HENRY CLARK, Cincinnati,**  
January 12, 1828. 54

**CINCINNATI IN 1826.**  
Containing an account of the  
POPULATION,  
COMMERCE,  
MANUFACTURES,  
BUILDINGS,  
of this City: for sale at the different Book stores in Cincinnati.  
July, 1827.

**THE EVENING CHRONICLE**  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
BY HATCH, NICHOLS & BUXTON.  
In the second story of the building on the north-east corner of Main and Third streets.  
Terms of Subscription.—Two Dollars per Annum, in Advance. Single Copies, Fifty Cents per annum.—For Two Dollars, the subscription may be made in advance; Six Dollars, and Twenty Five Cents per annum, in advance.  
A failure to notify a discontinuance of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.  
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted three times for one dollar per square of sixteen lines, and